III.—*THE TRIUMPHE OF DEATH* TRANSLATED OUT OF ITALIAN BY THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE

The Triumphe of death, a poetical translation of Petrarch's *Trionfo della Morte,* is found in MS. 538. 43. 1., ff. 286-289, in the Library of the Inner Temple, in London. As may be seen from the title, and from the signatures to each chapter, the translation is accredited to Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. The folios containing the translation form part of a group of miscellaneous pieces—in poetry and prose—preserved among the Petyt MSS.

William Petyt [1] (1636-1707), archivist and antiquary, was for many years keeper of the records in the Tower of London. After his death, his private collection of manuscripts became the property of the Library of the Inner Temple, where they still remain (Nos. 512-538). No adequate catalogue of these MSS. had been made until the completion of the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission report, in 1888.[2]

The group of miscellaneous pieces under discussion—538. 43. 1., ff. 284-303b.—contains, besides Lady Pembroke's translation of Petrarch's *Trionfo della Morte,* three of the Psalms as translated by her: nos. 51, 104, and 137. It also comprises:

[1] See article in Dictionary of National Biography.

[2] Historical MSS. Commission, Eleventh Report, Appendix, Part VII. (House of Commons, 1888). Reports from Commissions, Inspectors, and Others, vol. LXII, pp. 227-308.

ii. Epigrams "out of a pamphlet called Misacmos-merriements," by Sir John Harington, f. 289 b.

iii. Two poems addressed to the Earl of Essex, f. 291.

iv. Latin verses addressed to King James, by Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, f. 292 b.

v. Analysis of the play called "Vertumnus" by Dr. Gwynne, acted before the King and Queen at Oxford, f. 293.

vi. "A foolish song upon Tobacco," by J. F., f. 293 b.

vii. "The speache of a Prince requiring the opinion of some of his Counsellors, touching the scope of his government;" with three replies.

viii. A long and obscene poem entitled "The choosing of Valentines," by Thomas Nash, f. 295 b.

ix. "A dialogue betweene Constancie and Inconstancie, spoken before the Queene's Majestie at Woodstock," by Dr. Edes, f. 299.

x. "The Melancholie Knight's complaint in the wood," by Dr. Edes, f. 300 b.

xi. An Oxford libel, by Thomas Bastard of New College, with the names in the margin of the persons satirized, f. 301.

xii. Presentation letter to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, from Sir John Harington, sending the Countess of Pembroke's Psalms and his own Epigrams, 29 Dec. 1600, f. 303 b.[1]

I give this letter in full, because of its interesting mention of Lady Pembroke.

[1] This list is condensed from pp. 272-3 of the report cited above.

To the trulie Noble and right vertuous Ladie,
Lucie, Countess of Bedford.

Right Honorable and my most honored good Ladie. I haue sent yow heere the deuine, and truly deuine translation of three of Dauids psalmes, donne by that Excellent Countesse, and in Poesie the mirroir of our Age; whom as yow are neere unto in blood, of lyke degree in Honor; not unlyke in Fauore: so I suppose, none coms more neere hir, then yourself in those, now rare, and admirable guifts of the mynde that clothe Nobilitie with vertue.

I haue presumed to fill up the emptie paper with some shallowe meditations of myne owne not to conioyne theis with them; for that were to piece sattin with sack-cloth, or patch leude[1] upon golde; much lesse to compare them; that are but as foyle to a dyamond: but as it were to attend them. So as being bothe of meaner matter, and lighter manner, yett maie serve to waite as a wanton page is admitted to beare a torche to a chaste matrone. But as your cleare-sighted iudgement shall accept or praise them, I shall hereafter be embouldened to present more of them, and to entytle som of them to your Honorable name, unto whiche I vowe to rest an euer much deuoted seruant

Jhon Haryngton.
29 December 1600.

The whole series, including the closing letter and the signature to this letter, is in the same fine legible hand. This hand is evidently not Sir John Harington's,—at any rate, it is quite unlike that of the autograph Harington MSS. in the British Museum.[2] It seems, then, reasonable to suppose that the Inner Temple MS. is a copy of Sir John Harington's copy of the Psalms, and the Triumph of Death. In his letter to the Countess of Bedford, he says that he has filled up the paper with "some shallowe meditations" of his own. Now, as has been seen, the Inner

[1] leade?

[2] 18, 920; 36, 529 f. 46^{b}; Lansd. 91; Harl. 7002 f. 244; Harl. 7003 f. 126; Harl. 7011 f. 78.

Temple MS., between the Triumph of Death and this letter, which is on the last folio, contains poems by other persons as well as by John Harington himself, all copied in the same hand, including the letter itself. The clearest explanation, then, seems to be that ff. 284-303^{b} were copied by some one else. There is no apparent reason, however, for doubting the authenticity of Lady Pembroke's authorship of the Triumph of Death, especially since this translation is accompanied by a fragment of her very well known metrical version of the Psalms.[1]

A bit of further evidence for Lady Pembroke's having made this translation from Petrarch may be found in *The Silkewormes and their Flies* (1599), a poem dedicated to Lady Pembroke by Dr. Thomas Moffatt (Muffett, or Mouffet):[2]

> "Great enuies object, Worth and Wisdoms pride,
> Natures delight, Arcadias heire most fitte,
> Vouchsafe a while to lay thy taske aside;
> Let Petrarke sleep, giue rest to Sacred Writte:
> Or bowe or string will breake, if euer tied,
> Some little pawse aideth the quickest witte:"

[1] I have been guided to these conclusions by Miss E. Margaret Thompson, and by Mr. J. E. L. Pickering, Librarian of the Inner Temple.

[2] "The Silkewormes and their Flies: Liuely described in verse, by T. M. a Countrie Farmar, and an apprentice in Physicke . . . London, 1599." Described by J. P. Collier in his *Bibliog. and Crit. Acct.*, ed. of 1866, vol. 2, pp. 335-6. The *Dict. Nat. Biog.* gives Moffatt's dates as 1553-1604. The identification of "T. M." as Thomas Moffatt is effected by an allusion in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, London, March 1, 1599 (*State Papers, Domestic,* 1599). See also the mention of "Dr. Muffet," as the author of this poem, in Baxter's *Ourania,* Corser: *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica,* vol. 55, p. 220.

The nature of the translation is interesting, and its poetical merit considerable. The other translators of Petrarch's *Trionfi*—Henry Parker [1] (c. 1565), Mrs. Anna Hume [2] (1644), and H. Boyd [3] (1807)—all employ the pentameter rimed couplet. Lady Pembroke, however, reproduces the more difficult *terza rima* of the original. Her rendering is, for a metrical translation, surprisingly literal; yet it interests one continuously by its ingenuity of phrasing and its adroit transpositions. The most important adverse criticism to be made upon it is, I think, its occasional obscurity. This obviously arises from the translator's attempt to be as literal as possible, an attempt which sometimes compels an infelicitous choice of words, and a slight distortion of syntax.

Finally and chiefly, however, the poem is interesting because it furnishes one more example of Lady Pembroke's work as a translator. It thus makes a small addition to the scanty list remaining of the literary labors of an accomplished Elizabethan lady.

[1] *The Tryumphes of Fraunces Petrarke.* No date. Placed by *Brit. Mus.* catalog at c. 1565.

[2] *The Triumphs of Love, Chastitie, Death.* Edinburgh, 1644.

[3] *The Triumphs of Francesco Petrarch.* Fac-simile reprint by University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A., 1906.

TRIONFO DELLA MORTE [1]

Capitolo I

Questa leggiadra e gloriosa donna,
Ch' è oggi nudo spirto e poca terra,
E fu già di valor alta colonna,
Tornava con onor dalla sua guerra,
Allegra, avendo vinto il gran nemico,
Che con suo' inganni tutto 'l mondo atterra,
Non con altr' arme che col cor pudico,
E d' un bel viso e di pensieri schivi,
D'un parlar saggio e d'onestate amico.
Era miracol novo a veder quivi

The Triumphe of death translated out of Italian by the Countesse of Pembrooke: the first chapter.[2]

That gallant Ladie, gloriouslie bright,
The stately pillar once of worthinesse,
And now a little dust, a naked spright
Turn'd from his warres a ioyefull conqueresse:
His warres where she had foyled the mightie foe,
Whose wylie stratagems the world distresse.
And foyl'd him, not with sword, with speare or bowe,
But with chaste heart, faire visage, upright thought,
Wise speache, which did with honor linkèd goe:
And love's new plight to see strange wonders wrought

[1] The text of Petrarch offered here is that of the ordinary modern edition,—in this case, *Le Rime di Petrarca,* Firenze, 1903. The critical text established by Carl Appel (*Die Triumphe Francesco Petrarcas,* Halle, 1901) is at many points unlike the version obviously employed by Lady Pembroke.

[2] Library of the Inner Temple, MS. 538. 43. 1. ff. 286-289.

Rotte l'arme d'Amor, arco e saette;	With shiuered bowe, chaste arrowes, quenched flame
E quai morti da lui, quai presi vivi.	While here som slaine, and there laye others caught.
La bella donna e le compagne elette, Tornando dalla nobile vittoria, In un bel drappelletto ivan ristrette.	She and the rest, who in the glorious fame Of the exploit, his chosen mates, did share, All in one squadronet close ranged came.
Poche eran, perchè rara è vera gloria; Ma ciascuna per se parea ben degna Di poema chiarissimo e d'istoria.	A few, for nature makes true glorie rare, But eache alone (so eache alone did shine) Claym'd whole Historians, whole Poete's care.
Era la lor vittoriosa insegna In campo verde un candido armellino, Ch' oro fino e topazii al collo tegna.	Borne in greene field, a snowy Ermiline Colored with topacee, sett in fine golde Was this faire companies unfoyled signe.
Non uman veramente, ma divino Lor andar era, e lor sante parole; Beato è ben chi nasce a tal destino!	No earthlie marche, but heauenly did they hould; Their speaches holie weare, and happie those, Whoso are borne to be with them enroll'd.
Stelle chiare pareano, in mezzo un Sole Che tutte ornava, e non togliea lor vista	Cleare starr's they send, which did a Sunne unclose, Who hyding none, yett all did beawtifie

Di rose incoronate e di viole.
E come gentil cor onore acquista,
Così venía quella brigata allegra:
Quand' io vidi un' insegna oscura e trista.
Ed una donna involta in veste negra,
Con un furor qual io non so se mai
Al tempo de' giganti fosse a Flegra,
Si mosse, e disse: O tu, donna, che vai
Di gioventute e di bellezza altera,
E di tua vita il termine non sai,
Io san colei che sì importuna e fera
Chiamata son da voi, e sorda e cieca,
Gente a cui si fa notte in nanzi sera.
I' ho condotto al fin la gente greca
E la troiana, all' ultimo i Romani
Con la mia spada, la qual punge e seca,
E popoli altri barbareschi e strani;

With coronets deckt with violet and rose:
And as gain'd honor, filled with iollitie
Each gentle heart, so made they merrie cheere,
When loe, an ensigne sad I might descrie.
Black, and in black a woman did appeare,
Furie with hir, such as I scarcelie knowe
If lyke at Phlegra with the Giants were.
Thou Dame, quoth she, that doeth so proudlie goe,
Standing upon thy youth, and beawties state,
And of thy life the limits doest not knowe,
Loe, I am shee, so fierce, importunate,
And deafe, and blinde, entytled oft by yow,
Yow, whom with night ere euening I awate.
I to their end the Greekish nation drewe,
The Troian first, the Romane afterward,
With edge and point of this my blade I slewe.
And no Barbarian my blade could warde,

E giungendo quand' altri non m' aspetta,	Who stealing on with unexpected wound
Ho interrotti mille pensier vani.	Of idle thoughts have manie thousand marr'd.
Or a voi, quand' il viver più diletta,	And now no lesse to yowward am I bound
Drizzo 'l mio corso, innanzi che Fortuna	While life is dearest ere to cause you moane.
Nel vostro dolce qualche amaro metta.	Fortune som bitter with your sweetes compound.
In costor non hai tu ragione alcuna,	To this thow right or interest hast none,
Ed in me poca; solo in questa spoglia:	Little to me, but onelie to this spoile,
Rispose quella che fu nel mondo una.	Replide then she, who in the world was one,
Altri so che n' arà più di me doglia,	This charge of woe on others will recoyle,
La cui salute dal mio viver pende;	I know whose safetie on my life depends:
A me fia grazia che di qui mi scioglia.	For me I thank who shall me hence assoile.
Qual è chi 'n cosa nova gli occhi intende,	As one whose eyes som noveltie attend
E vede ond' al principio non s' accorse;	And what it mark't not first, it spyde at last
Si ch' or si maraviglia, or si riprende;	New wonders with it-self, now comprehends.
Tal si fe quella fera; e poi che 'n forse	So far'd the cruell, deeplie overcast
Fu stata un poco: ben le riconosco,	With doubt awhile, then spake I know them now,
Disse, e so quando 'l mio dente le morse.	I now remember when my teethe they past.

Poi col ciglio men torbido e men fosco,	Then with lesse frowning and lesse darkned browe,
Disse: Tu che la bella schiera guidi,	But thow that leadst this goodlie companie,
Pur non sentisti mai mio duro tosco.	Didst neuer yett unto my scepter bowe.
Se del consiglio mio punto ti fidi,	But on my counsell if thow wilt relye,
Che sforzar posso, egli è pur il migliore	Who maie inforce thee; better is by farre
Fuggir vecchiezza e suoi molti fastidi.	From age and ages lothsomnesse to flye.
Io son disposta farti un tal onore	More honored by me then others are
Qual altrui far non soglio, e che tu passi	Thow shalt thee finde: and neither feare nor paine
Senza paura e senz' alcun dolore.	The passage shall of thy departure barre.
Come piace al Signor che 'n cielo stassi,	As lykes that Lord, who in the heau'n doeth raigne,
Ed indi regge e tempra l' universo,	And thence this all doeth moderatelie guide:
Farai di me quel che degli altri fassi.	As others doe I shall thee entretaine.
Così rispose. Ed ecco da traverso	So answered she, and I with-all descryde
Piena di morti tutta la campagna,	Of dead appeare a neuer-numbred summe,
Che comprender non può prosa nè verso.	Pestring the plaine from one to th' other side.
Da India, dal Cataio, Ma-ıocco e Spagna	From India, Spaine, Gattay, Marocco, coome,

Il mezzo avea già pieno e le pendici Per molti tempi quella turba magna.	So manie Ages did together falle, That worlds were fill'd, and yett they wanted roome.
Ivi eran quei che fur detti felici, Pontefici, regnanti e 'mperatori; Or sono ignudi, poveri e mendici.	There saw I, whom their times did happie calle, Popes, Emperors, and Kings, but strangelie growen, All naked now, all needie, beggars all.
U' son or le ricchezze? u' son gli onori E le gemme e gli scettri e le corone E le mitre e i purpurei colori?	Where is that wealth? where are those honors gonne? Scepters, and crownes, and roabes and purple dye? And costlie myters, sett witn pearle and stone?
Miser chi speme in cosa mortal pone! (Ma chi non ve la pone?) e s' ei si trova Alla fine ingannato, è ben ragione.	O wretch who doest in mortall things affye: (Yett who but doeth) and if in end they dye Them-selues beguil'd, they finde but right, saie I.
O ciechi, il tanto affaticar che giova? Tutti tornate alla gran madre antica, E 'l nome vostro appena si ritrova.	What meanes this toyle? Oh blinde, oh more then blinde: Yow all returne, to your greate Mother, olde, And hardlie leave your verie names behinde.
Pur delle mille un' utile fatica,	Bring me, who doeth your studies well behoulde.

Che non sian tutte vanità palesi;
Chi 'ntende i vostri studi, sì mel dica.
Che vale a soggiogar tanti paesi
E tributarie far le genti strane
Con gli animi al suo danno sempre accesi?
Dopo l'imprese perigliose e vane,
E col sangue acquistar terra e tesoro,
Via più dolce si trova l' acqua e 'l pane,
E 'l vetro e 'l legno, che le gemme e l'oro.
Ma per non seguir più sì lungo tema,
Temp' è ch' io torni al mio primo lavoro.
I' dico che giunt' era l' ora estrema
Di quella breve vita gloriosa,
E 'l dubbio passo di che 'l mondo trema.

Er' a vederla un' altra valorosa
Schiera di donne non dal corpo sciolta,

And of your cares not manifestlie vaine
One lett him tell me, when he all hath tolde.
So manie lands to winne, what bootes the paine?
And on strange lands, tributes to impose,
With hearts still griedie, their owne losse to gaine,
After all theise, wherin yow winning loose
Treasures and territories deere bought with blood;
Water and bread hath a farre sweeter close.
And golde and gem gives place to glasse and wood:
But leaste I should too-long degression make
To turne to my first taske I thinke it good.
Now that short-glorious life hir leave to take
Did neere unto the uttmost instant goe,
And doubtfull stepp, at which the world doeth quake.
An other number then themselves did shewe
Of Ladies, such as bodies yett did lade,

Per saper s' esser può
Morte pietosa.

If death could pitious be,
they faine would knowe.

Quella bella compagna er' ivi accolta
Pur a veder e contemplar il fine
Che far conviensi, e non più d' una volta.

And deepe they did in contemplacion wade
Of that colde end, presented there to view,
Which must be once, and must but once be made.

Tutte sue amiche, e tutte eran vicine.
Allor di quella bionda testa svelse
Morte con la sua mano un aureo crine.

All friends and neighbors were this carefull crue
But death with ruthlesse hand on golden haire
Chosen from out those amber-tresses drewe,

Così del mondo il più bel fiore scelse;
Non già per odio, ma per dimostrarsi
Più chiaramente nelle cose eccelse.

So cropt the flower, of all this world most faire,
To shewe upon the excellentest thing
Hir supreame force, And for no hate she bare.

Quanti lamenti lagrimosi sparsi
Fur ivi, essendo quei begli occhi asciutti,
Per ch' io lunga stagion cantai ed arsi!

How manie dropps did flowe from brynie spring
In who there sawe those sightfull fountaines drye,
For whom this heart so long did burne and spring.

E fra tanti sospiri e tanti lutti
Tacita e lieta sola si sedea,
Del suo bel viver già cogliendo i frutti.

For hir in midst of moane and miserie,
Now reaping once what vertues life did sowe,
With ioye she sate retired silentlie.

Vattene in pace, o vera mortal Dea,
Diceano: e tal fu ben; ma non le valse
Contra la Morte in sua ragion sì rea.

In peace cryde they, right mortall Goddesse goe,
And soe she was but that in noe degree
Could death entreate, hir coming to forslowe.

Che fia dell' altre, se quest' arse ed alse
In poche notti e si cangiò più volte?

What confidence for others? if that she
Could frye and freese in few nights changing cheere:

O umane speranze cieche e false!
Se la terra bagnar lagrime molte
Per la pietà di quell' alma gentile,
Chi 'l vide il sa; tu 'l pensa che l'ascolte.

Oh humane hopes, how fond and false yow bee.
And for this gentle soule, if manie a teare
By pittie shed, did bathe the ground and grasse,
Who sawe doeth knowe; think thow, that doest but heare.

L' ora prim' era e 'l di sesto d'aprile,
Che già mi strinse, ed or, lasso, mi sciolse:
Come Fortuna va cangiando stile!

The sixt of Aprill, one a clock it was
That tyde me once, and did me nowe untye,
Changing hir copie: Thus doeth fortune passe

Nessun di servitù giammai si dolse
Nè di morte, quant' io di libertate,
E della vita ch' altri non mi tolse.

None so his thralle, as I my libertie;
None so his death, as I my life doe rue,
Staying with me, who faine from it would flye.

Debito al mondo e debito all' etate

Due to the world, and to my yeares was due,

Cacciar me innanzi ch' era giunto in prima,
Nè a lui torre ancor sua dignitate.
Or qual fusse 'l dolor, qui non si stima;
Ch' appena oso pensarne, non ch' io sia
Ardito di parlarne in versi o 'n rima.
Virtù morta è, bellezza e cortesia
(Le belle donne intorno al casto letto
Triste diceano); omai di noi che fia?
Chi vedrà mai in donna atto perfetto?
Chi udirà il parlar di saper pieno
E 'l canto pien d'angelico diletto?
Lo spirto per partir di quel bel seno,
Con tutte sue virtuti in se romito,
Fatt' avea in quella parte il ciel sereno.
Nessun degli avversari fu sì ardito
Ch' apparisse giammai con vista oscura

That I, as first I came, should first be gonne,
Not hir leafe quail'd, as yett but freshlie newe.
Now for my woe, guesse not by 't, what is showne.
For I dare scarce once cast a thought there too,
So farre I am of, in words to make it knowne.
Vertue is dead; and dead is beawtie too.
And dead is curtesie, in mournfull plight.
The ladies saide: And now, what shall we doe?
Neuer again such grace shall blesse our sight
Neuer like witt shall we from woman heare.
And voice repleate with Angell-lyke delight.
The Soule now prest to leave that bosome deare
His vertues all uniting now in one,
There where it past did make the heauens cleare.
And of the enemies so hardlie none,
That once before hir shew'd his face obscure

Fin che Morte il suo as-
salto ebbe fornito.

Poi che deposto il pianto e
la paura,
Pur al bel viso era cia-
scuna intenta,
E per desperazion fatta
secura;
Non come fiamma che per
forza è spenta,
Ma che per se medesma
si consume,
Se n' andò in pace l' ani-
ma contenta;
A guisa d' un soave e chiaro
lume
Cui nutrimento a poco a
poco manca;
Tenendo al fin il suo usa-
to costume.
Pallida no, ma più che neve
bianca,
Che senza vento in un bel
colle fiocchi,
Parea posar come persona
stanca.
Quasi un dolce dormir ne'
suoi begli occhi,
Essendo 'l spirto già da
lei diviso,
Era quel che morir chia-
man gli sciocchi.

With hir assault, till
death had thorough
gonne.
Past plaint and feare when
first they could endure
To hould their eyes on
that faire visage bent,
And that dispaire had
made them now secure.
Not as great fyers violently
spent,
But in them-selues con-
suming, so hir flight
Tooke that sweete spright,
and past in peace content,
Right lyke unto som lamp
of cleerest light,
Little and little wanting
nutriture.
Houlding to end a neuer
changing plight
Pale? no: but whitelie: and
more whitelie pure,
Then snow on wyndless
hill, that flaking falles:
As one, whom labor
did to rest allure.
And when that heauenlie
guest those mortall walles
Had leaft; it nought but
sweetlie sleeping was
In hir faire eyes: what
follie dying calles

Morte bella parea nel suo bel viso.	Death faire did seeme to be in hir faire face. Marie Sidney coun: of Pem:
Capitolo II	The second chapter of the Triumph of death.
La notte che seguì l'orribil caso Che spense 'l Sol, anzi 'l ripose in cielo, Ond' io son qui com' uom cieco rimaso,	That night which did the dreadfull happ ensue That quite eclipst, naie rather did replace The sunne in skies, and me bereave of view.
Spargea per l'aere il dolce estivo gelo, Che con la bianca amica di Titone Suol de' sogni confusi torre il velo;	Did sweetelie sprinkle through the ayrie space The Summers frost which with Tithon's bryde Cleareth of dreame the dark confused face
Quando donna sembiante alla stagione, Di gemme orientali incoronata, Mosse ver me da mille altre corone;	When loe, a Ladie, lyke unto the tyde With Orient iewells crown'd from thousands moe Crownèd as she: to me I coming spyde;
E quella man già tanto desiata A me, parlando e sospirando, porse; Ond' eterna dolcezza al cor m' è nata.	And first hir hand somtime desyred so Reaching to me, at once she sygh't and spake: Whence endlesse ioyes yett in my heart doe growe.

Riconosci colei che prima torse
I passi tuoi dal pubblico viaggio,
Come 'l cor giovenil di lei s' accorse?

Così, pensosa, in atto umile e saggio
S'assise e seder femmi in una riva
La qual ombrava un bel lauro ed un faggio

Come non conosch' io l' alma mia Diva?
Risposi in guisa d' uom che parla e plora:
Dimmi pur, prego, se sei morta o viva.

Viva son io, e tu sei morto ancora,
Diss' ella, e sarai sempre, fin che giunga
Per levarti di terra l' ultim' ora.

Ma 'l tempo è breve, e nostra voglia è lunga:
Però t'avvisa, e 'l tuo dir stringi e frena,
Anzi che 'l giorno, già vicin, n' aggiunga.

And know'st thou hir, who made thee first forsake
The vulgar path, and ordinarie trade?
While hir, their marke, thy youthfull thoughts did make?

Then doune she sate, and me sitt-doune she made,
Thought, wisedom, Meekenesse in one grace did striue
Unpleasing[1] bank in bay, and beeches shade

My Goddesse, who me did and doeth reuiue,
Can I but knowe? (I sobbing answered)
But art thou dead? Ah speake or yett aliue?

Aliue am I: And thow as yett are dead,
And as thow art shalt soe continue still
Till by thy ending hower, thow hence be led.

Short is our time to liue, and long our will:
Then lett with heede, thy deedes, and speaches goe
Ere that approaching terme his course fullfill.

[1] *(Sic). On pleasing?*

Ed io: al fin di quest' altra serena
C' ha nome vita, che per prova 'l sai,
Deh dimmi se 'l morir è sì gran pena.

Quoth I, when this our light to end doth growe,
Which we calle life (for thow by proofe hast tryde)
Is it such payne to dye? That, make me knowe.

Rispose: mentre al vulgo dietro vai,
Ed all' opinion sua cieca e dura,
Esser felice non puo' tu giammai.

While thow (quoth she) the vulgar make thy guide,
And on their iudgements (all obscürelie blynde)
Doest yett relye: no bliss can thee betyde.

La morte è fin d'una prigione oscura
Agli animi gentili; agli altri è noia,
C' hanno posto nel fango ogni lor cura

Of lothesom prison to eache gentle mynde
Death is the end: And onelie who employe
Their cares on mudd, therin displeasure finde.

Ed ora il morir mio che sì t' annoia,
Ti farebbe allegrar, se tu sentissi
La millesima parte di mia gioia.

Even this my death, which yealds thee such annoye
Would make in thee farre greater gladnesse ryse
Couldst thou but taste least portion of my ioye.

Così parlava: e gli occhi ave' al ciel fissi
Divotamente: poi mise in silenzio
Quelle labbra rosate, insin ch' io dissi:

So spake she with devoutlie-fixed eyes
Upon the Heauens; then did in silence foulde
Those rosie lips, attending there replyes:

Silla, Mario, Neron, Gaio e Mesenzio,

Torments, invented by the Tyrranes olde:

Fianchi, stomachi, febbri ardenti fanno
Parer la morte amara più ch' assenzio.
Negar, disse, non posso che l' affanno
Che va innanzi al morir, non doglia forte,
Ma più la tema dell' eterno danno:
Ma pur che l' alma in Dio si riconforte,
E 'l cor, che 'n se medesmo forse è lasso,
Che altro ch' un sospir breve è la morte?
I' avea già vicin l' ultimo passo,
La carne inferma, e l' anima ancor pronta;
Quand' udi' dir in un suon tristo e basso:
O misero colui ch' e' giorni conta,
E pargli l' un mill' anni, e 'ndarno vive,
E seco in terra mai non si raffronta;
E cerca 'l mar e tutte le sue rive,
E sempre un stile ovunqu' e' fosse tenne;
Sol di lei pensa, o di lei parla, o scrive!

Diseases, which each parte torment and tosse
Causes that death we most bitter houlde,
I not denye (quoth she) but that the crosse
Preceeding death, extreemelie martireth,
And more the feare of that eternal losse
But when the panting soule in God takes breath;
And wearie heart affecteth heauenlie rest,
An unrepented syghe, not els, is death.
With bodie, but with spirit readie prest,
Now at the furthest of my liuing wayes.
There sadlie uttered sounds my eare possest.
Oh happless he; who counting times and dayes
Thinks each a thousand yeares, and liues in vayne
No more to meete hir while on earth he stayes.
And on the water now, now on the Maine
Onelie on hir doeth think, doeth speake, doeth write.
And in all times one manner still retaine.

Allora in quella parte onde 'l suon venne,
Gli occhi languidi volgo; e veggio quella
Ch' ambo noi, me sospinse e te ritenne.
Riconobbila al volto e alla favella;
Che spesso ha già il mio cor racconsolato,
Or grave e saggia, allor onesta e bella.
E quand' io fui nel mio più bello stato,
Nell' età mia più verde, a te più cara,

Ch' a dir ed a pensar a molti ha dato;
Mi fu la vita poco men che amara,
A rispetto di quella mansueta
E dolce morte ch' a' mortali è rara:
Che 'n tutto quel mio passo er' io più lieta
Che qual d' esilio al dolce albergo riede;
Se non che mi stringea sol di te pieta.
Deh, Madonna, diss' io, per quella fede

Heere-with I thither cast my failing-sight,
And soone espyed, presented to my view,
Who oft did thee restraining, me encyte.
Well, I hir face, and well hir voice I knewe,
Which often did my heart reconsolate;
Now wiselie graue, then beautifulie true.
And sure when I was in my fairest state,
My yeares most greene, my self to thee most deare,
Whence manie much did think, and much debate
That life's best ioye was all most bitter cheere,
Compared to that death, most myldelie sweete,
Which coms to men, but coms not euerie-where.
For I, that iournie past with gladder feete,
Then he from hard exile, that homeward goes.
(But onelie ruth of thee) without regreete.
For that faith's sake, time once enough did shewe,

Che vi fu, credo, al tem-
po manifesta,
Or più nel volto di chi
tutto vede,
Creovvi Amor pensier mai
nella testa
D'aver pietà del mio lun-
go martire,
Non lasciando vostr' alta
impresa onesta?
Ch' e' vostri dolci sdegni e
le dolc' ire,

Le dolci paci ne' begli
occhi scritte,
Tenner molt' anni in dub-
bio il mio desire.
Appena ebb' io queste pa-
role ditte
Ch' i' vidi lampeggiar
quel dolce riso
Ch' un Sol fu già di mie
virtuti afflitte.
Poi disse sospirando: Mai
diviso
Da te non fu 'l mio cor,
nè giammai fia:
Ma temprai la tua fiam-
ma col mio viso.
Perchè, a salvar te e me,
null' altra via
Era alla nostra giovenetta
fama:

Yett now to thee more
manifestlie plaine,
In face of him, who all
doeth see and knowe,
Saie Ladie, did you euer
entretaine
Motion or thought more
louinglie to me
(Not louing honor's-
height) my tedious paine?
For those sweete wraths,
those sweete disdaines in
yow
In those sweete peaces
written in your eye
Diverslie manie yeares
my fanzies drewe.
Scarce had I spoken but in
lightning wise
Beaming I saw that gen-
tle smile appeare,
Sometimes the sunne of
my woe-darkned skyes.
Then sighing thus she an-
swered: Neuer were
Our hearts but one, nor
neuer two shall be:
Onelie thy flame I tem-
pred with my cheere:
This onlie way could saue
both thee and me:
Our tender fame did this
supporte require,

Nè per ferza è però madre men pia.
Quante volte diss' io meco: questi ama,
Anzi arde: or si convien ch' a ciò provveggia;
E mal può provveder chi teme o brama.
Quel di fuor miri, e quel dentro non veggia.
Questo fu quel che ti rivolse e strinse
Spesso, come caval fren che vaneggia.
Più di mille fiate ira dipinse
Il volto mio, ch' Amor ardeva il core;
Ma voglia, in me, ragion giammai non vinse.
Poi se vinto te vidi dal dolore,
Drizzai 'n te gli occhi allor soavemente,
Salvando la tua vita e 'l nostro onore.
E se fu passion troppo possente,
E la fronte e la voce a salutarti

The mother hath a rodd, yett kinde is she.
How oft saide this my thoughts: In loue, naie fire
Is he: Now to prouide must I beginne,
And ill prouiders are feare and desire.
Thow[1] sawèst what was without, not what within,
And as the brake the wanton steede doeth tame,
So this did thee from thy disorders winne.
A thousand times wrath in my face did flame.
My heart meane-while with loue did inlie burne,
But neuer will; my reason overcame.
For, if woe-vanquisht once, I sawe thee mourne;
Thy life, or honor, ioyntlie to preserve
Myne eyes to thee sweetlie did I turne.
But if thy passions did from reason swarme,
Feare in my words, and sorrowe in my face

[1] MS. *Tho.*

Mossi or timorosa ed or dolente.
Questi fur teco mie' ingegni e mie arti;
Or benigne accoglienze ed ora sdegni:
Tu 'l sai, che n' hai cantato in molte parti.
Ch' i' vidi gli occhi tuoi talor sì pregni
Di lagrime, ch' io dissi: Questi è corso
A morte, non l' aitando; i' veggio i segni.
Allor provvidi d' onesto soccorso.
Talor ti vidi tali sproni al fianco,
Ch' i' dissi: Qui convien più duro morso.
Così caldo, vermiglio, freddo e bianco,
Or tristo or lieto infin qui t' ho condutto

Salvo (ond' io mi rallegro) benchè stanco.
E io: Madonna, assai fora gran frutto
Questo d' ogni mia fè, pur ch' io 'l credessi;

Did then to thee for salutation serve.
Their artes I us'd with thee: thow ran'st this race
With kinde acceptance; now sharp disdaine
Thow know'st, and hast it sung in manie a place.
Somtimes thine eyes pregnant with tearie rayne
I sawe, and at the sight: Behould he dyes:
But if I help, saide I, the signes are plaine.
Vertue for ayde, did then with loue aduise:
If spurr'd by, thow took'st som running toye,
So soft a bitt (quoth I) will not suffice.
Thus glad, and sad, in pleasure, and annoye:
What red, cold, pale: thus farre I have thee brought
Wearie but safe to my no little ioye.
Then I with teares, and trembling; what it sought
My faith hath found, whose more then equall neede

Dissi tremando e non col viso asciutto.

Di poca fede! or io, se nol sapessi,
Se non fosse ben ver, perchè 'l direi?
Rispose, e 'n vista parve s' accendessi.

S' al mondo tu piacesti agli occhi miei,
Questo mi taccio; pur quel dolce nodo
Mi piacque assai ch' intorno al cor avei;

E piacemi 'l bel nome (se 'l ver odo)
Che lunge e presso col tuo dir m'acquisti:
Nè mai 'n tuo amor richiesi altro che modo.

Quel mancò solo; e mentre in atti tristi
Volei mostrarmi quel ch' io vedea sempre,
Il tuo cor chiuso a tutto 'l mondo apristi.

Quinci 'l mio gelo, ond' ancor ti distempre:
Che concordia era tal dell' altre cose,
Qual giunge Amor, pur ch' onestate il tempre.

Were this; if this, for truth could passe my thought.

Of little faith (quoth she) should this proceede;
If false it were, or if unknowne from me:
The flames withall seem'd in hir face to breede.

If lyking in myne eyes the world did see
I saie not, now, of this, right faine I am,
Those cheines that tyde my heart well lyked me,

And well me lykes (if true it be) my flame,
Which farre and neere by thee related goes,
Nor in thy loue could ought but measure blame.

That onelie fail'd; and while in acted woes
Thow needes wouldst shewe, what I could not but see
Thow didst thy heart to all the world disclose.

Hence sprang my zeale, which yett distempreth thee,
Our concorde suche in euerie thing beside,
As when united loue and vertue be.

Fur quasi eguali in noi fiamme amorose,
Almen poi ch' io m' avvidi del tuo foco;
Ma l' un l' appalesò, l'altro l' ascose.
Tu eri di mercè chiamar già roco,
Quand' io tacea, perchè vergogna e tema
Facean molto desir parer sì poco.
Non è minor il duol perch' altri 'l prema,
Nè maggior per andarsi lamentando;
Per fizion non cresce il ver nè scema.

Ma non si ruppe almen ogni vel quando
Sola i tuoi detti, te presente, accolsi,
"Dir più non osa il nostro amor" cantando?
Teco era 'l cor; a me gli occhi raccolsi:
Di ciò, come d' iniqua parte, duolti,
Se 'l meglio e 'l più ti diedi, e 'l men ti tolsi.
Nè pensi che, perchè ti fosser tolti

In equale flames our louing hearts were tryde,
At leaste when once thy loue had notice gott,
But one to shewe, the other sought to hyde.
Thow didst for mercie calle with wearie throte
In feare and shame, I did in silence goe
So much desire became of little note.
But not the lesse, becoms concealed woe,
Nor greater growes it uttered, then before,
Through fiction, Truth will neither ebbe nor flowe.

But clear'd I not the darkest mists of yore?
When I thy words alone did entretaine
Singing for thee? my loue dares speake no more.
With thee my heart, to me I did restraine
Myne eyes: and thow thy share canst hardlie brooke
Leesing by me the lesse, the more to gayne.
Not thinking if a thousand times I tooke

Ben mille volte, e più di mille e mille
Renduti e con pietate a te fur volti.
E state foran lor luci tranquille
Sempre ver te, se non ch' ebbi temenza
Delle pericolose tue faville.
Più ti vo' dir, per non lasciarti senza
Una conclusion ch' a te fia grata
Forse d'udir in su questa partenza:
In tutte l'altre cose assai beata,
In una sola a me stessa dispiacqui,
Che in troppo umil terren mi trovai nata.
Duolmi ancor veramente ch' io non nacqui
Almen più presso al tuo fiorito nido:
Ma assai fu bel paese ond' io ti piacqui.
Che potea 'l cor, del qual sol io mi fido,
Volgersi altrove, a te essendo ignota;
Ond' io fora men chiara e di men grido

Myne eyes from thee; I manie thousands cast
Myne eyes on thee; and still with pittying looke.
Whose shine no cloud had euer ouer-cast:
Had I not fear'd in thee those coles to fyres
I thought would burne too dangerouslie fast.
But to content thee more, ere I retyre
For end of this, I somthing wilt thee tell,
Perchance agreable to thy desire:
In all things fullie blest, and pleased well,
Onelie in this I did myself displease:
Borne in too-base a toune for me to dwell:
And much I grieved, that for thy greater ease,
At leaste, it stood not neere thy flowrie neste.
Els farre-enough, from whence I did thee please.
So might the heart on which I onelie rest
Not knowing me, haue fitt it-self elswhere,
And I lesse name, lesse notice haue possest.

Questo no, rispos' io, perchè la rota
Terza del ciel m'alzava a tanto amore,

Ovunque fosse, stabile ed immota.
Or che si sia, diss' ella, i' n' ebbi onore,
Ch' ancor mi segue: ma per tuo diletto
Tu non t'accorgi del fuggir dell' ore.
Vedi l' Aurora dell' aurato letto
Rimenar a' mortali il giorno; e il Sole
Già fuor dell' Oceano infino al petto.
Questa vien per partirci; onde mi dole:
S' a dir hai altro, studia d' esser breve,
E col tempo dispensa le parole.
Quant' io soffersi mai, soave e leve,
Dissi, m' ha fatto il parlar dolce e pio;
Ma 'l viver senza voi m' è duro e greve.
Però saper vorrei, Madonna, s' io

Oh no (quoth I) for me, the heauens third spheare
To so high loue advanc't by speciall grace,
Changelesse to me though
Chang'd thy dwelling were.
Be as it will, yett my great Honor was,
And is as yett (she saide) but thy delight
Makes thee not mark how fast the howers doe passe.
Shee from hir golden bed aurora bright
To mortall eyes returning Sunne and daye
Breast-high above the Ocean bare to sight.
Shee to my sorrowe, calles me hence awaie,
Therfore thy wordes in times short limits binde,
And saie in-brief, if more thow haue to saie.
Ladie, (quoth I) your words most sweetlie kinde
Have easie made what euer erst I bare,
But what is left of yow to liue behinde.
Therfore to knowe this, my onelie care,

Son per tardi seguirvi, o se per tempo.	If sloe or swift shall com our meeting-daye.
Ella, già mossa, disse: Al creder mio,	She parting saide, As my coniectures are
Tu stara' in terra senza me gran tempo.	Thow without me long time on earth shalt staie.

Marie Sydney Countesse
of Pembrooke.

FRANCES BERKELEY YOUNG.